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Gentlemen: I have
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**Kendall's
Spavin
Cure**
Keeps legs sound and trim. It will add many
dollars to the value of your horse. The old reliable
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Joints and Lameness. Equally reliable as a house-
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book, "A Treatise on the Horse" or write to—
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

BACKACHE IS A WARNING

Barton People Should Not Neglect
Their Kidneys.

Backache is often nature's most frequent signal of weakened kidneys. To cure the pains and aches, to remove the lameness when it arises from weakened kidneys, you must reach the cause—the kidneys. If you have pain through the small of your back, urinary disorders, headaches, dizzy spells or are nervous and depressed, start treating the kidneys with a tested kidney remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills have been proved good and are especially for weak kidneys Doan's have been used in kidney trouble for over 50 years. Read Barton testimony.

A. E. Tripp, Main street, Barton, says: "I was annoyed by backache, and my kidneys did not do their work as they should. Whenever I have had these troubles, I have taken a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills and have had relief at once. Another of my family has also taken this medicine and has been relieved."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Tripp had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

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One used belt power Press 17x22, A1 condition, \$275.

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Leather, Rubber, Sawyer and Endless Belting.

We guarantee the Prices to be Right
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All tires for adjustment can be sent to me at St. Johnsbury and will receive prompt attention.

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A SMALL BEGINNING

is eagerly watched by the whole family, because everybody knows that from small beginnings great achievements have arisen.

START A SAVINGS ACCOUNT

and you will be agreeably surprised at the progress you make toward the big figures. With a bank book in one hand you can grasp an opportunity with the other.

Central Savings Bank and Trust Company
ORLEANS, VERMONT

WEAR HUB RUBBERS

The IDYL of TWIN FIRES

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

CHAPTER I—I grow tired of my work as a college instructor and buy a New England farm on sight.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

CHAPTER II

My Farmer Comes.

Three days later I closed the deal and hastened back to college. Professor Grey of the college botanical department assigned his chief assistant at the gardens to my case. He took me to Boston, and in one day spent exactly \$641 of my precious savings, while I gazed, helpless in my ignorance. He bought, it appeared to me, barrels of seeds, tons of fertilizers, thousands of wheel hoes for horse and man, millions of pruning saws and spraying machines, hothed frames and sashes, tomato trellises, and I knew not what other nameless implements and impediments.

This was rather disconcerting. But the die was cast, and I came to a sudden realization that seven years of teaching the young idea how to punctuate isn't the best possible training for running a farm, and if I were to get out of my experiment with a whole skin I had got to turn to and be my own chief laborer, and hereafter my own purchaser, as well.

All that night I packed and planned, and the next morning I left college forever. I slipped away quietly, before the chapel bell had begun to ring, avoiding all lender good-bys. I had stack of experiment-station bulletins in my grip, and during the four hours I spent on the train my eyes never left their pages. Four hours is not enough to make a man a qualified agriculturist, but it is sufficient to make him humble. I landed at Benford station, hired a hack, and drove at once to my farm, and my first thought on alighting was this: "Good, Lord, I never realized the frightful condition of that orchard! It will take me a solid week to save any of it, and I suppose I'll have to set out a lot of new trees besides. More expense!"

"It's a dollar up here," said the driver of the hack, in a mildly insistent voice. I paid him brusquely and he drove away. I stood in the middle of the road, my suitcase beside me, the long afternoon shadows coming down through my dilapidated orchard, and surveyed the scene. Milt Noble had gone. So had my enthusiasm. The house was bare and desolate. It hadn't been painted for twenty years, at least. I decided. My trunks, which I had sent ahead by express, were standing disconsolately on the kitchen porch. Behind me I heard my horse stamping in the stable, and saw my two cows feeding in the pasture. A postcard from one Bert Temple, my nearest neighbor on the Slab City road, had informed me that he was milking them for me—and, I gathered, for the milk. Well, if he didn't, goodness knew who would! I never felt so lonely, so helpless, so hopeless, in my life.

Then an odd fancy struck me. George Meredith made his living, too, by reading manuscripts for a publisher! The picture of George Meredith trying to reclaim a New England farm as an



"All That Night I Packed and Planned."

avocation restored my spirits, though just why perhaps it would be difficult to make anyone but a fellow English instructor understand. I suddenly tossed my suitcase into the barn, and began a tour of inspection over my thirty acres.

There was tonic in that turn! That

brook ran south close to the road which formed my eastern boundary, along the entire extent of the farm—some three hundred yards. As I followed the brook into the maples and then into the sudden hushed quiet of my little stand of pines, I thought how all this was mine—my own, to play with, to develop as a sculptor molds his clay, to walk in, to read in, to dream in. Think of owning even a half-acre of pine woods, stillest and coolest of spots! A single great pine, with wide-spreading, storm-tossed branches, like a cedar of Lebanon, stood at the stone wall, just inside my land.

"Somebody ought to get amusement out of this!" I said aloud, as I set off for the barn, gathered up my suitcase, and climbed the road toward Bert Temple's.

If I live to be a hundred, I can never repay Bert Temple, artist in cauliflower and best of friends in my hour of need. Bert and his wife took me in, treated me as a human, if helpless, fellow being, not as a "city man" to be fleeced, and gave me the best advice and the best supper a man ever had, meantime assuring me that my cows had been tested, and both were sound.

The supper came first. I hadn't eaten such a supper since grandmother died. There were brown bread Joes—only rival of Rhode Island Johnnycake for the title of the lost ambrosia of Olympus. They were so hot that the butter melted over them instantly, and crisp outside, with delicious, runny insides.

"Mrs. Temple," said I, "I haven't eaten brown bread Joes since I was a boy. I didn't know the secret existed any more."

Mrs. Temple beamed over her ample and calico-covered bosom. "You must have come from Essex or Middlesex counties," she said, "if you've et brown bread Joes."

After supper Bert took me in hand. "First thing fer you to do's to git a farmer and carpenter," he said. "I kin git yer both, if yer want I should, an' not stin' yer. Most no folks that come here gits stung. Seems like Benford thinks that's why they come!"

"I'm clay in your hands," said I. "Wall, yer don't exactly know me intimately," said Bert with a laugh, "so yer'd better git a bit o' granite into yer system. Noow, ez to a farmer—there's Mike Finn. He lives 'bout a quarter of a mile from yer corner. He'll come an' his son'll help out with the heavy work. We'll walk down an' see him noow, ef yer like."

I liked, and in the soft, spring evening we set off down the road. "Wal, then, ez to carpenters," Bert went on, "that's good carpenters, an' bad carpenters, an' Hard Cider Howard. Hard Cider's forgotten more about carpent'ry than most o' the rest ever knoo, and he ain't forgot much, neither. But he ain't handsome, and he looks upon the apple juice when it's yaller. Maybe yer don't mind looks, an' I kin keep Hard Cider sober while he's on your job. He'll treat yer fair, an' see that the plumbors do."

We walked on, turned the corner at my brook, and followed the other road along past my pines till we came to a small settlement of white cottages. At one of these Bert knocked. We were admitted by a pretty, blue-eyed Irish girl, who had a copy of Caesar's "Commentaries" in her hand, into a tiny parlor, where an "alright" stove stood below a colored chromo of the Virgin and Child, and a middle-aged Irishman sat in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe.

"Hello, Mike," said Bert, "this is Mr. John Upton, who's bought Milt Noble's place, an' wants a farmer and gardener. I told him you wuz the man."

"Sit down, sgr, sit down," said Mike, offering a chair with an expansive and hospitable gesture. "Sure, let's talk it over."

The pretty daughter had gone back to her Caesar by the nickel oil lamp, but she had one ear toward us, and I caught a corner of her eye, too—an extremely attractive, not to say provocative eye.

"Well, now," Mike was saying, "sure I can run a farm, but what do I be gettin' fer it?"

"Fifty a month," said I, "which includes milking the cows and tending furnace in winter."

"Sure, I got more than that on me last place, and no cows at all."

"Ye're a liar, Mike," said Bert.

"That's a fightin' word in the ould country," said Mike.

"This ain't the ould country, and yer got forty-five dollars," Bert grinned. "Besides, ye'll be close to yer work. You wuz a mile an' a half from the Sulloways. That makes up fer the milkin'!"

"True, true," Mike replied, meditatively. "But what be yer runnin' the place for, Mr. Upton? Is it a real farmer ye'd be?"

"A real farmer," I answered. "Why?"

"Well, I didn't know. I've heard say yer wuz a literary feller, too, Mr.

Upton, and I have me doubts." "Well, I'm a sort of a literary feller," I confessed. "But it's you I want to be the real literary feller, Mike. You must write me a poem in potatoes."

Mike put back his head and roared. "It's a pome yer want, is it?" he cried. "Sure, it's an oration I'll give ye. I'll grow ye the real home rule pertaters."

"Well," said I, rising, "do you begin tomorrow morning, and will your son help for a few weeks?"

"The mornin' it is," said Mike, "and Joe along."

I paused by the side of the girl. "All Gault is divided into three parts," I laughed.

She looked up with a pretty smile, but Mike spoke. "Sure, but they give all three parts to Nora," he said, "so what was the use o' dividin' it? She thinks she's me nither instead o' me daughter!"

"I'll put you to bed in a minute," said Nora, while Mike grinned proudly at her.

"I'm going to like Mike," said I to Bert, as we walked back up the road. "I knoo yer would soon ez I seen yer," Bert replied. "The only folks that don't like Mike is the folks that can't see a joke. Mike has a tolerable number o' dialkies."

"Well, I've got my farmer," said I, "and now I suppose I've got to find a housekeeper, as soon as the house is ready to live in. Nora would suit me."

"I reckon she would," but she wouldn't suit Benford."

"In other words, I want an oldish woman, very plain, and preferably a widow."

"With a young son old enough ter help on the farm," Bert added with a grin.

"I don't suppose you know of just such a combination?"

"Reckon I dew. You leave it to my old lady."

"Mr. Temple," said I, "seems to me I'm leaving everything to you."

"Wal, noow, yer might do a heap sight worse," said Bert.

I went up to my chamber where we got back, and sat down beside my little glass lamp and did some figuring. Added to my alleged salary as a manuscript reader, along with what I hoped I could pick up writing, I recklessly calculated my annual income as a possible \$3,000. Out of this I subtracted \$900 for Mike's wages, \$360 for a housekeeper, \$400 for additional labor, \$75 for taxes, and \$500 for additions to my "plant," as I began to call my farm.

Then it occurred to me that I ought, of course, to sell my farm produce for a handsome profit. Bert had gone to bed, so I couldn't ask him how much I would be likely to realize. But with all due conservatism I decided that I could safely join the golf club. So I did, then and there. Whereupon I felt better, and, picking out the manuscript of a novel from my bag, I went bravely at the task of earning my living.

CHAPTER III.

Joy in an Old Orchard.

The following morning was a balmy and exquisite first of May and Bert hustled me off immediately after breakfast to meet Hard Cider Howard, whom, by some rural wireless, he had already summoned.

As we walked down the road, I glanced toward my lone pine, and saw my horse and Mike's hitched to the plow, with Joe driving and Mike holding the handles. Across the green pasture, between the road and the hayfield, already four rich brown furrows were shining up to the sun.

At the house we found awaiting a strange-looking man, small, wrinkled, unkempt, with a discouraged mustache and a nose of a decidedly brighter hue than the rest of his countenance. He was tapping at the sills of the house.

"How about it, Hard? Cement?" said Bert.

Hard Cider nodded to me, with a keen glance from his little, bloodshot eyes.

"Yep," he said. "Stucco over it. Brick underpinnin's be ez good ez noo. Go inside."

We stepped upon the side porch, Bert handing me the key and I opening the door of my new dwelling with a secret thrill. Hard Cider at once began on the kitchen floor, ripping up a plank to examine the timbers beneath.

We crossed the hall to the south side, where there were two corresponding rooms. Here, as on the other side, the chimney and fireplaces were on the inside walls, and the mantels were of a simple but very good colonial pattern, though they had been browned by smoke and time to a dirt color.

"Now I want these two rooms made into one," said I. "I want one of the doors into the hall closed up, and a glass door cut out of the south side to a pergola veranda. Can you do it?"

Hard examined the partition. He climbed on a box which we dragged in, and ripped away plaster and woodwork ruthlessly, both at the top and at places on the sides, all without speaking a word.

"Yep," he said finally, "et yer don't mind a big cross-beam showin'. She's solid oak. Yer door, though, I'll have to be double, with a beam in the middle."

"Fine!" I cried. "One to go in by, one to go out. Guests please keep to the right!"

"Hev ter alter yer chimney," he added, "or yer'll hev two fireplaces."

"Fine again!" cried I. "A long room with two fireplaces, and a double

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR

CALEDONIA COUNTY.

The grocery store of Joseph Pilver of St. Johnsbury gave up several bottles of Jamaica ginger when searched recently. Pilver was placed under arrest and released under bonds of \$600 for his appearance in municipal court to answer to the charge of illegal selling.

The 12th annual meeting of the Forestry Association of Vermont will be held at Lyndonville, Wednesday, August 2. The program will include an inspection of the school plantation, a meeting of fire wardens, a visit to the Vail Agricultural school, the annual business meeting, and speeches by prominent men from within and without the state. The executive committee of the association consists of ex-Gov. Allen M. Fletcher, Amos J. Eaton, James Hartness, Austin F. Hawes and Frank Plumley.

WEST BURKE

Ernest Smith of Randolph has been visiting at J. M. Smith's.

Mrs. Charles Marshall is visiting in Greensboro and St. Johnsbury.

Mrs. Ransom Davis is in Brightlook hospital again for treatment.

Miss Leab Wyanski of Boston is in town for a visit to relatives and friends.

Mrs. Mary Cate of St. Johnsbury is spending this week with Mrs. Louise Stoddard.

Rev. and Mrs. I. P. Chase spent Wednesday last week with friends in town.

Miss Isabel Porter of St. Johnsbury was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. F. T. Porter, last week.

F. T. Porter has sold the car he has been running for several years, and has purchased an Overland.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Allen of Burlington visited relatives and friends in town during the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Jenkins are very happy over the arrival of a little daughter in their home Thursday.

Mrs. Edith Williams of Cuba, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Woodruff and Miss Caroline Woodruff of St. Johnsbury visited at O. C. Woodruff's last week.

Alfreda Copeland, who has been keeping house for Mrs. A. W. Brockway for the past year, is at home for a while, and Esther Ball is working for Mrs. Brockway.

A concert will be given by the Laurel Trio, in the Gem theatre Friday evening. The entertainment will be given under the auspices of the Woman's club and promises to be one of the best things of its kind in town for some time. Come, and give the young ladies a good house.

The next meeting of the W. F. M. society will be held with Mrs. Spencer Tuesday, August 8, at 3 p. m. The following program will be given: Poem, "Too Much to Do at Home," Mrs. E. F. Ruggles; reading, "The Third Prayer," Mrs. McCoy; solo, "In the Secret of His Presence," Mrs. Bowman; report of the Northfield summer school of foreign missions, Mrs. Douglass; dialogue by five young ladies, "Aunt Polly Joins the Missionary Society." A letter from Miss Emily Harvey of India will be read. Everyone is invited to attend.

SHEFFIELD

Bernice Ash is gaining slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Player have a new daughter.

Griffon Niles of Newport Center visited at Hermon Sheldon's Sunday.

Ella Simpson of St. Johnsbury Center is visiting her brother, John Blake.

Ann Simpson of Barton has been visiting at Anna Simpson's and other relatives the past week.

The Story moving picture machine came here Friday night but the electricity was not powerful enough to run it.

Mr. and Mrs. Morse of West Burke in company with Harley Chappell and family visited at Harley Bishop's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sheldon motored to Johnson Friday bringing Perry Barber home with them. Mr. Barber having been there attending the summer school for three weeks.

Rev. Mr. Collins preaches at the schoolhouse in District No. 3 every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. A Sunday school has been organized and meets at the close of the service. There is good interest.

SUTTON

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Joy are home from Barnet for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Card of Haverhill, Mass., have been visiting in town.

Mrs. Beatrice Jesseman and three daughters of Springfield, Mass., are stopping at A. J. Clark's.

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE.

Mrs. Will Holtham and children have returned from Boston.

Mrs. H. A. Austin of Lyndonville is visiting her mother, Mrs. Gilman.

Will Curtis of East Braintree, Mass., is visiting relatives on the Ridge.

Will Barnum of Brownington spent the week-end with his children at O. W. Ingalls.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Howard of South Barre are visiting their sister, Mrs. A. B. Miles.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bishop and small daughter spent Sunday with his aunt, Mrs. Ardel Miles.

All who came to the lecture, "From Halifax to Vancouver," given by Rev. C. R. Upton Monday night, July 24, were well rewarded.

Entertaining the Neighbors.

"I understand that Mrs. Flubud entertained some of her neighbors informally yesterday." "Yes, she and her cook had a quarrel on the front porch."



Hot Weather Light-Weight Hair Switches

GREATLY REDUCED

A \$3.00 Switch at \$1.98
A \$2.00 Switch at 95 cts.

A prime necessity to proper hair dressing—an absolute essential to the woman who wants to look "just so." That's an apt description of these light-weight natural wavy switches.

The price at which we are offering them represents only a fraction of their real value—your shade is in the assortment, unless your hair is grey.

Mrs. C. L. Hutchins

Davis Block, Barton, Vt.
Independent Telephone 17-616

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE

On the Constructive Work of

SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE

The following very interesting correspondence which appeared last week in the Montpelier Argus is self explanatory. Neither Senator Page nor any of his friends was aware of this correspondence until ex-State Senator Clark King caused its publication in the Argus. We give it as it appeared, without change or adornment.

Montpelier, Vt., July 14, 1916
Editor of Montpelier Argus:

Dear Sir: Will you please allow a place in the Argus for what I have to say in regard to the U. S. senatorial contest and oblige. So much has been said in the Argus which has been copied mostly from other papers about Senator Page not being of any account in Congress, having done nothing in the eight years he has been there and other things said about him which were not very meritorious to say the least, which were not true as can be proved by what his colleagues say of him in Congress. What has Senator Page done for Vermont? He has a large business in Hyde Park and employed a good amount of help in his hide and calf-skin business for many years, and has paid the farmers, also others, a large amount of money for hides and calfskins here in Vermont and has paid largely for advertising at the same time, this is all true. What has ex-Governor Fletcher, who wants to be at this time Senator, done for Vermont? His business has mostly been after office as near as I can find out, and at the present time is paying a large amount of money for advertising to succeed Senator Page in Congress, and is doing his best to get it. Republicans of Vermont will soon decide this at the primaries. I am pleased to offer as proof what is said of Senator Page by one of the ablest Republicans in Congress. Hon. H. C. Lodge, in reply to a letter I wrote him for information in regard to Senator Page's services in Congress, and ask to have it printed in the Argus, so that Republicans can know the truth in regard to Senator Page's services in Congress. Having received this reliable information from a source which cannot well be doubted, it seems now that Senator Page is entitled to a reelection to Congress. This is from one that believes in a square deal in politics as well as in business.

Very truly yours,
H. C. LODGE

Respectfully submitted,
CLARK KING

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